THE PACIFIC

VOL LXIV. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., SEPTEMBER 2, 1914

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

WHO SAW GOD FACE TO FACE.

There was a man who saw God face to face.
His countenance and vestments evermore
Glowed with a light that never shone before,
Saving from him who saw God face to face.
And men, anear him for a little space,
Were sorely vexed at the unwonted light.
Those whom the light did blind rose angrily;
They bore his body to a mountain height
And nailed it to a tree; then went their way;
And he resisted not nor said them nay,
Because that he had seen God face to face.

—David Star Jordan.

Pacific Theological
Seminary
Berkeley, Calif.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered as 2nd-class matter.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - - - Editor
2716 Hillegass Avenue., Berkeley

H. V. Hartshorn, Los Angeles, Southern California Editor
517 N. Lake Street

Special Department Contributors.

J. W. Buckham—Current Thought and Literature. A W. Palmer—Social Service. G. W. Hinman—Missions. A B. Patten—Young People's Work. J. B. Orr—The Sunday School.

NOTED ECONOMIST SAYS IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO FIX THE BLAME FOR THE EUROPEAN WAR.

In some of the editorials in The Pacific for several weeks we have endeavored to bring critics of the European nations to realize that each was fighting conscientiously and that it was not possible to decide just where to place the blame for the war.

Several of our readers have expressed thanks for the information in those articles. One reader, born in England, has written that the paper is hostile to Great Britain and has ordered his copy discontinued. Editors soon get accustomed to such things as this.

Every careful reader of The Pacific, it seems to the editor, must admit that nothing has been said against Great Britain except on the authority of eminent Englishmen. It is all history.

The Pacific has not attempted to justify Austria-Hungary and Germany in the course pursued by them, but simply to point out that our own country might have been plunged into war if we had been similarly situated, despite all our peace talk, and that it is difficult to find where lies the blame. Thoughtful men all over the country have been writing and speaking this way.

We quote in this connection from that noted economist, Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University:

"The universal war fever which seemed so suddenly to burst out in Europe is but a symptom of a terrible disease of the body politic, a disease which has been gradually gnawing at the vitals of Europe for more than half a century. It is hard for us Americans, who are fortunate in never having had this particular war disease, to understand its real nature. We look on with amazement and ask: Has Europe gone mad? If not, what could have induced so many millions of people to put all Western civilization in jeopardy? Why should a quarrel over a little nation in the south of Europe compel an innocent little nation a thousand miles in the north to defend itself against invasion? The thing would seem comic, if it were not tragic; is it not too ridiculous to be possible? We run over the chain of events and try to find some person or persons to blame. We imagine that it is possible to fix the responsibility.

"It is largely because of the assumption that some one must be to blame that many are now trying to fasten the fault on the Emperor of Germany, others on the Czar of Russia, and still others on the Emperor of Austria; while some would divide the blame among them. Each warring nation, of course, blames its own enemies.

"But the future historian will, I imagine, find it difficult to assign any considerable responsibility to any one, even to those who play the central roles in the war drama. They will find it almost as difficult to fix such responsibility as it is to fix in a mob the responsibility for a lynching, and for the same reason. When we come to examine the acts and decisions of the various nations in the last three weeks we are struck with the fact that each decided as it did because there was scarcely any other choice left open. In fact, almost every declaration of war was made with sincere regret. The anomaly of the situation is that the nations one after another were forced to choose war while preferring peace. No, the fault does not lie in any large degree with individual nations or persons. We shall be doing a historic injustice in trying to make somebody the scapegoat. Besides, we shall be missing the point.

"It may be difficult for us to admit the fact, but if our forty-eight States, instead of having a Federal Government, had each its own independent government and military, we should find ourselves in the same situation as Europe has been, namely, a situation in which there would inevitably be increasing standing armies, oppressive taxation, and eventually war.

"Fortunately we have a political union among the States befitting their proximity and commercial connections. But the States of Europe have no political union beyond unenforceable, and, therefore, independable treaties. That is the disease of Europe. They are now too close together to get along without the restraints of enforcible international law. They have every other sort of connection but political; they have international commerce and travel; they interchange ideas. Close contact is seldom safe without government. It is on the border between nations where the contact is most close and frequent that the international hatred is most intense.

"The nations need to protect themselves from themselves. We might well write over the parti-colored map of Europe: Wanted, an International Government."

THE WAR PROBABLY WILL BE A LONG ONE.

In 1870 von Moltke, the great German general, expressed the conviction that if there ever should be such a European war as has now broken out it would be a long one, that it would not end until the combatants were completely exhausted.

He did not foresee such deadly armaments as are in use in the 20th century, and which have led some persons of late to predict short wars. But he did foresee doubtless that such a war would hardly be entered on without each of the different nations engaged therein believing that it was for it a life and death struggle.

British leaders have said that they are in the war to fight to a finish, and that no matter what the results as to France their nation will never falter till Germany is brought to her knees.

The German Ambassador to the United States says: "Germany has no illusions about the terrible world tragedy that is being enacted on its borders. From the lowest peasant to the highest statesman there is but one opinion, If we are defeated Germany is hopelessly crushed by the foes envious of her rise, prosperity and greatness.' The sacrificial willingness of low and high, as shown by the trousands upon thousands of boys under 18 and men beyond 48 and 50, offering themselves as volunteers is astounding. Thousands of school boys are begging and pleading to be accepted and given the opportunity to fight for the fatherland. Thousands are being turned away with the words, 'Not now, but perhaps later.' Some have appealed to the Crown Prince, to the Kaiser himself, and to high government officials to be accepted."

The Ambassador says further: "It is a fundamental error to believe that this is a war of the German government. This is a war of the German nation, man for man, and if any political result comes of this war, it will be a great advance of democracy in Germany. Having seen the spirit of the German people, I am convinced that a victory of the coalition is out of the question."

Lord Kitchener's judgment seems to be that England must needs prepare for a three years' war.

Much depends on what the Germans accomplish before Paris during the next few days. If, by means of bombs hurled into the city from the air above it, a capitulation can be secured speedily, France will be brought to terms and Germany will then have some chance for victory. But a siege of much duration will make it possible for the British and Russians to come up with such numbers as to practically annihilate the German forces.

This of course is with the thought that victory is to be on the side of the strongest battalions. Napoleon once said it was always on that side. But he revised his opinion later.

G. Campbell Morgan, the noted London preacher, says that on England's part this is "a war in the interests of righteousness and judgment." If Dr. Morgan is correct God is likely to have a hand in the outcome.

Now that the die has been cast there is remarkable unanimity in England. Sir Albert Spicer whom we quoted last week as urging neutrality now says: "Great Britain could not do otherwise than she has done."

The Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan said in a sermon on the 9th of August:

"I was one of those who up to the eleventh hour and even up to the stroke of the twelfth hoped and urged that Britain should be neutral. But after Sir Edward Grey's speech and the statement in the White Papers, there is to me no room to doubt that every effort was made that could be made to avert the conflict. I have preached from this pulpit for ten years, and my people know that all my nature hates war. Yet I am convinced that not to have interfered would have been to disregard the obligations of national morality."

In a communication in the British Congregationalist for Aug. 13, Mr. Joseph King, a member of parliament, wrote: "The House of Commons will do its duty if and as it is called upo|. So will the country. Even those who are out and out pacifists, and feel that bad as German diplomacy and the Austrian ultimatum to Servia have been, our diplomacy has made serious mistakes, intend to support the Government and desire to secure British safety by waiting till our arms are victorious before they criticise. That is the true attitude. Criticism and differences of opinion must arise on such a huge matter, so complicated and so fraught with vast issues; but not yet. We stand as a united race until this tyranny be overpast."

It is worthy of note that the National Peace Council, the Peace Society and the Arbitration and Peace Association are not endeavoring to fix the blame, but are declaring as follows: "The present resort by the Powers of Europe to the fraticidal arbitrament of war is a lapse in civilization against which the pacifists in all nations must protest with an utter detestation. But this is not the time to discuss and apportion responsibility for the inhuman folly into which Europe has been led. At this time the pacifist has a duty to humanity and a duty to his country. To humanity be owes it to watch unceasingly for the first reasonable chance that may come to press upon the statesmen and people of the belligerent nations the acceptance of the mediation offered by the one Great Power not engaged in the struggle, the American Republic."

THE BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN KNOX McLEAN.

The biography of John Knox McLean by Prof. John Wright Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary will help to preserve the memory of one who exercised for more than forty years a molding influence on thousands of lives in California, and who continues to live as an inspiration to all with whom he was in any manner associated.

Dr. Buckham has done his work well, and has packed into 122 pages that which will afford some measure of this highly servicable life. Reflections and narratives of Dr. McLean's own have been incorporated in the biography in an illuminating manner, and all in all such a book produced as will answer admirably the purpose, as stated by the author "to preserve the memory of a good man and the influence of a sane and noble life," as well as "to make evident * * * something of the beauty and might of the Christian ministry in our age."

Among the things going to show how Dr. McLean moulded lives widely we find quotations from letters written him when he was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland.

A woman of culture and refinement wrote of her thankfulness for help of which he was doubtless unconscious, saying: "I cannot explain it to you except that it is a wish to be my best when near you."

A little girl wrote: "I just feel as if I would like to see you every day and have a nice talk with you."

A mother wrote: "If it is any joy and comfort to have lifted the clouds from darkened lives into the clear light of spiritual trust and hope, then may that joy and comfort be yours."

A professional man wrote: "I wish to express in the most emphatic manner my deep obligation to you for what you have done for me spiritually. I fully realize upon what unknown seas I might have drifted had there not been a guiding hand near."

Professor Buckham says of Dr. McLean's pastorate in Oakland: "It was an eminently statesmanlike as well as Christlike pastorate. Study, for example, the way in which the pastor extended his strong and extraordinarily elongated spiritual arms around the different individuals, ages, groups, organizations of his church, guiding and supporting them all. The influence of the pastor over the strong men of the church and community—to begin with—that was notable. Men of power in the community, administrators, business men, educators, lawyers, physicians, rallied to his leadership. Young persons, especially young

men, felt the attraction of his manhood, and gladly put themselves under his sympathetic, idealizing touch. Few pastors, or for that matter, teachers, have gathered about themselves so closely or influenced so formatively, a group of talented and able young men. From boyhood to young manhood and well on toward maturity he guided their development, helped to fashion their ideals and stimulated their highest capacaties."

Dr. Buckham quotes from a pastoral letter sent out by Dr. McLean in 1881 and says: "Here is a clue to one of the secrets of Dr. McLean's influence—a religious experience of his own which opened to him the wealth of the Divine life and love, and a sympathy which enabled him to mediate that love to others. What wonder that when his study door at the church was opened wide with an invitation to any or all who would, to come at certain hours for advice and counsel, a stream of all sorts and conditions of men poured through, to emerge strengthened, cheered, and with clarified vision. The good accomplished by these hours of consultations can never be estimated. It was a genuine spiritual clinic."

Dr. McLean's splendid service as president of Pacific Theological Seminary is sketched on the pages of this book. His statement to the trustees, advocating a change from Oakland to Berkeley, is termed "a statesmanlike paper," quotation from which is as follows:

"We must get at those sources of student supply. We must spiritually fertilize these great university fields. We must open up some straight and narrow path leading out of the broad and traveled road that now carries this great multitude of students into secular life and the secular professions. We must inoculate their atmosphere with some sort of moral germ. We must gird ourselves, go into the highway, and in the gospel sense compel students to come in. We have lived perched up in our segregations long enough."

Dr. McLean's conception of the theological seminary and the ministry is expressed in his own words: "College work is the higher education, seminary work the highest education. The seminary in a department of the university—its supreme department. Its province is to deal with the loftiest and the most important of all the sciences. Other professions and other callings touch life upon one of its sides, the calling of the minister touches life upon all of its sides."

"It is needless to say," writes Professor Buckham, "that the presence, the instruction, and the influence of such a man in the daily life of the seminary were priceless."

It was all beautifully expressed by the inscription in the "Book of Remembrance," given Dr. McLean by the alumni when he retired from the presidency: "Your eighteen years of service have been fruitful and enriching to the institution and those who have studied therein. The men who have sat at your feet have received such an ideal of the Christian ministry and such a vision of its possibilities as can never be effaced, but must add power and dignity to their ministry."

And the inscription on that loving cup presented by the students at the chapel services following a birthday anniversary: "We love you not alone for what you have done for us, but for the example you have set for us in culture, dignity and saintliness of character."

What his influence was in other circles is shown by words from President Wheeler of the University of California on his 70th birthday: "I appreciate more than I can tell you what you have been to the university and the university community, and what you have been to me as stay, counselor and friend."

Professor Buckham closes his study of this noble life with these words: "The restless, on-moving current of Pacific Coast civilization into which Dr. McLean cast his life sweeps swiftly on in ever-widening channels—eagerly concerned with the present and the future, forgetful of the past. Yet this man who so earnestly loved and served the life of the coast in its formative days, and who was in turn so taken to its heart, will remain as one whose strong, ennobling influence cannot be expunged from its future. And the men and women of faith, who in all the coming years lift their eyes to the sun-bathed circle of these hills and mountains that he loved will find life truer and purer, more real and joyous, because of John Knox McLean."

(This biography is published by Smith Brothers, Oakland Price $1.25.)

SOME REMARKABLE PREDICTIONS.

What is now an interesting horoscope was made for the Emperor William of Germany in 1829. The New York Times says that a prominent German who is a resident of that city declares that it is genuine.

The Emperor asked the astrologer if he would be King of Prussia. For answer the astrologer took the figures 1829, the year of the consultation, and arranged them in the following manner:

1 8 2 9
1
8
2
9
9

1 8 4 9

Adding them up, he said, "You will be King of Prussia in 1849," which came true.

They were already talking of larger Germany (the consolidation of the German States) and William I. wanted to know if he would ever be Emperor of the larger empire.

The astrologer set down the figures 1849 in the following arrangement:

1 8 4 9
1
8
4
9

1 8 7 1

Then he replied, "You will be Emperor of the larger Germany in 1871," which was the date of the conquest of the French and the establishment of the German Empire.

He asked how long he would live to enjoy his sovereignty over the larger empire, and the astrologer placed the figures 1871 as follows:

1 8 7 1
1
8
7
1

1 8 8 8

This was the year in which the Emperor died.

The Emperor put one more question:

"What will happen after I am gone?" Again the astrologer took the figures 1888, arranging them as follows:

1 8 8 8
1
8
8
8
8

1 9 1 3

"After 1913," the astrologer said, "a great change will come to the German Emperor."

Another prediction now attracting attention was made in the 13th century by a monk named Hermann.

The Monk, having foretold the defeat at Jena and the constitution of the Germanic Confederation in 1815, predicts the downfallofthe Hohenzollern dynasty, of which William II. is to be the last to occupy the imperial throne. Here are the verses:

Verse 93: Tandem sceptra gerit qui stemmatis ultimus erit. Verse 94: Israel infandum sectus morte plandum.

Translated, they read:

At last the sceptre is held by him who will be the last of the royal race. Israel attempts an execrable crime, which death alone can expiate.

These, however, are prophecies which, though startling, are vaguely general. There is arrayed on the other side a group of realist prophets who are not content with dates only and symbolical visions. They mention names, and work out battles, and reorganize the map.

Probably the most remarkable of these predictions in its application to the present world struggle is a book entitled "Armageddon, 190—," published in Germany in 1905 and translated the folowing year into English. Two weeks after its publication this depiction of a world war, in which both Great Britain and Germany came out completely broken and crippled for all national life, was the most talked of book in Germany. There was much speculation concerning the identity of the author, who signed himself "Seestern." The book was ascribed to various distinguished naval officers and prominent journalists, and at length even to the Kaiser himself.

"Seestern" is the first among the realist prophets—those who do more than witness the world in general conflagration, bring all the Powers together, and make a guess at the result. Writing nearly a decade ago, "Seestern" shows a prophetic vision that is notable. In his fictitious war he sees Germany and Austria lined up against France, Belgium, and England. An ultimatum launched by England against Italy, who was striving to remain neutral, sends her, with Spain and Portugal, to the side of Germany. Russia and the United States remain out of the conflict until it is time to gather in the spoils. As far as England and Germany are concerned it is the story of the Kilkenny cats, for both are so badly crippled by the war, which lasts eight months, that it is a simple matter for Russia and the United States to step in and assume the dictatorship of the world's policies.

The accounts of the naval battles are particularly interesting. The decisive engagement is one which the writer calls the battle of Heligoland, in which the German fleet is practically annihilated, but one battleship, the Worth, returning to Wilhelmshaven. The account of the battle is given from the point of view of a Lieutenant in the torpedo room of the Worth.

The account of the land battles, especially of Germany's initial attack, is significant. "Armageddon" reflects a well-formulated plan of Germany to go straight through Liege. It also reflects the confidence felt that the plan would meet with no obstacle.

The Germans are persistently victorious, forcing the Franco-British army toward Bordeaux, and some terrific battles are fought.

The war comes to a sudden end through a universal uprising of the black and yellow races. In view of a general massacre of all Europeans in Africa, Asia, and elsewhere the Kaiser proposes terms for an armistice; England and France are to pay a war indemnity of $1,250,000,000 each, a proposal which is accepted, and the war is ended, giving Russia free rein in Asia and the United States supremacy on the seas.

But what will happen if Germany does sweep across France and get into England? This is the contingency on which many English militarists have long speculated. As far back as 1871 there appeared in Blackwood's Magazine a story which created no little stir. It was entitled "The Battle of Dorking," being the reminiscences of a volunteer who saw the English go down before the Germans.

Apart from the fact that the account, which is by Sir George T. Chesney, is an admirable bit of detailed imagination, it has certain approximations to current events. The picture which the narrator draws of the eager London crowds before the newspaper offices, the feeling of tension andimpatienceas edition after edition of the newspapers appears with no fresh news, the shutting down of business, and the runs on the banks, all comes close to what has happened.

Differing from any of these books is the horrible picture drown, by the German schoolmaster, Wilhelm Lamszus, in "The Human Slaughter House." This little book created a furore in Germany when it appeared a few years ago and so roused the ire of the German Crown Prince that Lamszus lost his position, though it is said that he has since been reinstated. "The Human Slaughter House" describes no particular war between no particular nations. What Herr Lamszus has endeavored to show is war from the individual's point of view, the sort of war that is made possible by the mine and the masked machine gun.

BISMARCK'S PROPHECY.

Mr. Howard Sutherland of Chicago calls attention to a striking remark which he heard Bismarck make:

Many years ago, the writer, then a mere boy, was for a short time a privileged visitor in the country home at Friedrichsruh of the late Prince Bismarck. The memory of one conversation remains with him as though it occured but yesterday.

With a map of the world before him, the Prince was explaining how the existing political conditions had come into being, and among other things, remarked that no state of affairs could be considered permanent there—in Europe.

Placing his left hand upon Europe, he said: "Here we shall have ever-growing dissension and weakness resulting from over-culture." Then, placing his right hand upon

Asia, he said: "Eventually, here will move here (indicating Europe by a tapping movement of the forefinger of his left hand). It is only a question of time when these millions become hungry enough."

A little later he continued: In those days there will be but one safe country, but one country that shall represent our civilization." And silently he lifted his left hand and laid it heavily upon America.

Remembering the scene and the words, and conscious of all that Germany has done to further culture as we understand it, a thoughtful man cannot but deplore the awful condition of affairs in Europe to-day. He cannot but feel that the frightful waste of human life makes possible, not in our day, perhaps, but some day, that very inundation foreseen by one of the world's astutest and most far-seeing statesmen.

ROOSEVELT ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND THE WORTHLESSNESS OF TREATIES.

I cannot at this time refrain from saying one word in connection with the great cataclysm which has engulfed all Europe in war. When the interests of the nation are at stake, in the face of foreign powers, we are all Americans and no party men, and our interest is in the welfare of America. We will hold up the arms of any man without any regard to his party so long as he will with wisdom and good faith subserve the national interests.

It seems to me that we should realize with the keenest gratitude how much we owe to the fact that by the steady application of the Monroe Doctrine this country has succeeded in preventing the colonization and growth on this continent of great military Old World powers. If it had not been for the existence of that doctrine and its support by this Government under Presidents of all shades of political belief, the great military atnions of the Old World would unquestionably long ere this have possessed masses of territory in the Western Hemispere. In cuch case nothing under heaven could have prevented our being involved in European struggles like the present.

We would also in such case be under the crushing burden of immense armaments in time of peace, a burden the bearing of which has grown more onerous year by year in Europe. Well-meaning and amiable, but short-sighted persons have time from time protested against the Monroe Doctrine and said it was outworn. I wish these good persons would seriously consider the present contest and realize that if it had not been for the Monroe Doctrine in the past, and if the Monroe Doctrine were at this moment abandoned, the United States would in all probability have been drawn into the present dreadful struggle.

Africa, south of the equator, is now being drawn into the fight, although without interest in it. We would have been drawn in the same way if it had not been for the observance of the great principles which the Monroe Doctrine contains,, the principle that this continent shall not be treated as a place of territorial aggrandizement by Old World powers.

The peace of the Western Hemisphere largely depends upon the preservation of this doctrine. It is for this reason I feel that the arbitration treaties now pending in the Senate would if adopted, be inimical to the interests of the United States and of peace in so far as they would have any effect whatever. I doubt if the would have much effect, because in the event of their attempted execution against the interests of this people, I do not believe that they would be executed.

Worthlessness of Treaties.

But surely it is not an honorable thing for this nation to enter into treaties which either could not or ought not to be kept. Such action argues badly for our sincerity and good faith. Under the proposed treaties, if, as a result of this war, Denmark or Holland should part with their islands in the West Indies to some great Old World power, or if at some future time Mexico should similarly part with Magdalena Bay to some Old World power, we would be solemnly bound to join in the creation of a commission which would investigate all the matters at hand before we could take any action in the matter, and this commission would include representatives of outside powers

Within a fortnight we have had fresh proof of the worthlessness of treaties, of names signed to pieces of paper, unless backed by force, if passion or interest demand their violation. This fact has been demonstrated again and again within the last dozen years by almost every one of the great nations who are now engaged in this war or who stand with their armies partially mobilized and their fleets gathered because of the possibility of being drawn into it.

Within this fortnight, as within the preceeding dozen years we have again and again seen the most solemn treaties guaranteeing neutrality, or promising alliances, or agreeing to arbitration, or guaranteeing peace, or setting a time limit to the occupation of territory, violated in matter-of-course fashion and with the utter indifference to what was promised. In no matter have they been regarded unless there was some military force back of the treaty, some method of insuring by the exertion or the existence of power attention to the obligations of a treaty.

These proposed arbitration treaties of ours would not be worth the paper on which they were printed if it became to the interest of any great military power to violate them and if it thought it could violate them with impunity. We would have bound ourselves in such cases as I have illustrated to wait a year or so while a joint commission pursued its weary course of investigation, and during that time the Old World military power, if it desired to retain its new possessions, could make a Gibraltar of one of the West Indian islands, or of Magdalena Bay, or of any other point of territory which it acquired, and it could then defy us to turn it out save at the cost of a war which might be as dreadful as any now raging.

I hold that we should consistently adhere to the policy which has in the past prevented and will in the future prevent the opportunity and necessity for such wars. These proposed treaties bind us to submit questions affecting the national honor and the vital interests of the United States to the action of a joint commission. Of course, this means that we would have to submit the Monroe Doctrine itself to the action of a joint commission. To pass these treaties means the abnegation of sovereignty on our part and the abandonment of our position that Old World powers shall not territorially aggrandize themselves in the New World.

As a matter of fact, I do not believe that the people of

the United States would ever submit with tame acquiscence to an assault upon their national honor and vital interests, or that they would abandon the Monroe Doctrine. When such is the case it is mischievous folly to make a treaty binding us to the very things that we would not do and that it would be criminal on our part to do.

AMERICAN BOARD WAR NOTES.

James L. Barton.

Under existing unprecedented conditions, and to answer in a general way the many inquiries of interested friends and supporters, it sems necessary to make a brief statement regarding the effect of the war upon the Missions and Missionaries of the Board.

On Tuesday the 5th the first mail for three weeks from India and Turkey was received. A letter from Mr. Peet from Constantinople was dated August 4th, reporting no political disturbance but speaking of a threatening money famine. Subsequent cable dispatches indicate that the financial stress increased, until a cable via the State Department at Washington reported August 24th that through the personal efforts of Mr. Morgenthau, Ambassador at Constantinople, immediate relief had been secured.

No word has been received from Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Clark and Rev. and Mrs. John S. Porter, at Prague, since the outbreak of the war. No fears are entertained for them, since they are well and favorably known in the city, and the United States has there a Consul General.

Neither has any word come from any part of the Balkan mission, but there is no reason to fear that the missionaries are disturbed.

Misses Agnes Baird and Ethel House, from Samokov, Bulgaria, arrived in New York last week upon the "Philadelphia" after a trying voyage in the steerage, the only accommodations available.

All missionaries now in England that were upon their way to Turkey, South Africa and India, are quietly waiting developments. It is expected safe passage will open to India and South Africa before long.

The Board is holding up for the present all sailings upon the Atlantic, for Turkey, India and Africa, and permitting sailings upon the Pacific only in vessels under the American flag. The prospects of an early safe passage to the Balkans, Albania and Turkey are not bright.

On the 26th a conference of representatives of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, Robert College and the American College for Girls at Constaninople, and the American Board, was held in New York, followed by a visit to the Secretary of State in Washington. It was the unanimous conclusion of the conference that, while the missionaries in Turkey seem to be in no special danger, no attempt should be made, under existing conditions, to return missionaries or send new ones into Albania, the Balkans, or Turkey. It was also evident that the Washington Government is doing everything in its power for the adequate protection of American interests in Turkey and for the relief of the present financial stringency.

So far as we can ascertain and understand, mission work will not be materially affected in Japan and China. Hostilities in China are confined to a limited area and do not affect China as a whole, and there is no disorder in Japan itself.

The situation calls for earnest prayer that these days may be brief, and for special gifts to meet the imperative additional expenses these conditions impose.

AN AMERICAN GIRL'S FLIGHT FROM PARIS AND FROM WAR.

The Thrilling Experiences of Miss Louise Townsend Nicholl of the Staff of the New York Evening Post.

Paris was hot, crowded, hectic, hurried, confused. The army was mobilizing. We had come from England and from old Rouen, where the glass doors of our rooms opened into an old garden, and the sweet night air had come in from where the dark yew trees and the Cathedral spire were silhouetted against the late twilight. It was a very rude awakening. At that time there were two of us. I could talk only the merest trifle of French. My friend could not say anything but "Mais, oui, Madame," "Mais, non, Monsieur."

With great difficulty we got a cab and after coming out ahead in an argument with the porter, who wanted four francs for carrying our bags to the cab, we started for our hotel.

In the hotel an East Indian porter, several French porters, a worried Russian proprietor, and a weeping maid greeted us.

"How comes it that Americans still enter this city?" asked the Russian. His black hair was cropped close to his head, his face was very pale, and his eyes looked as if he had ben crying. "It would be better not to come."

We dropped our bags and went directly to the American express office, for all the money we had between us was a coin or two, amounting in all to about 15 centimes. We had never doubted that our cheques could be cashed at once,when we reached Paris.

"Go at once to the express office, for it closes early on Saturdays," the Russian proprietor had said. This was Saturday, August 1. The East Indian, who trod like a cat and had smirking, smooth ways with him, escorted us to the Rue Scribe. Probably the majority of Americans in Paris were assembled there, on the Rue Scribe, beseiging the express office, the steamship companies, or the New York Herald's office, or talking together in excited, morbid knots. We tried to hear nothing that was said. Our object was to get some money changed and to find out the chances for an immediate escape. From the minute the white-faced Russian had given us his ultimatum we began our fight to get out.

My checks were on the Mercantile Marine, so I went directly to the office of the American Line for money and for reassurance about my steamer, the Philadelphia, which was to leave Cherbourg the next Wednesday on her way from Southampton to New York. The office was closed, but an English clerk came and talked to me through the gratings for a minute.

"Closed for the day," said he. "Anyway, we can't cash your checks. We can't get any money ourselves. The Philadelphia will sail, surely, but she's probably the last one that will stop at Cherbourg. I advise you to get to Southampton at once."

Fifteen Centimes In Her Purse.

Perhaps he did not know how ironical he was—for in my purse were 15 centimes and two twenty-dollar checks of Mercantile Marine value. If he could not cash them no one could and he could not.

Across the street, at the American express office, my companion had had no better luck. Some of her checks were American Express and there was still a chance of their being cashed, but the banking department was closed until nine o'clock Monday morning. The only thing left for us to do was to stay in the hotel until Monday morning, get some money and take the next train and boat for England. There I could catch my Philadelphia and my companion could try to change her passage for a boat late in the summer to the first one she could get. And so we waited.

When we got back to our hotel, only the East Indian met us. The French porters had gone to the war. The weeping maid was serving dinner to the few remaining guests. The Russian came in from police headquarters.

"To-morrow, at noon, I shut down," he said. "I have to leave the country at once. Stay to-night, if you will, but have all out of here to-morrow at twelve."

Soldiers Tore Past All Night.

That was the wildest night of my life. Some of the time, I tried to sleep, but wild, feverish dreams made sleep unbearable, and finally we sat by the windows and looked down into the Rue de Mathurin and up and down the street to the corners where carriages and machines tore past, all night, crowded with soldiers. Americans and all other foreigners were leaving in great numbers, whole families together, hurrying along, sometimes talking in shrill voices, sometimes keeping a hurried silence, which was worse. They were all on foot, for no one but soldiers could ride in machines, and almost all the horses were taken for the army.

No one could take baggage with him which he could not carry himself, and the people's arms and hands were full. Often two men carried a trunk between them. All night long the life of the Paris streets went on, and fragments of it floated up to us in sight and sound. The cafes were full of men. Women of the street plied their trade diligently.

At one o'clock a great coach-load of Americans drove up to our door. The red-coated driver took down all the luggage and rang the bell. Then he beat upon the door, and roared at the top of his voice. They had engaged rooms, but the Russian would not take them in.

And so that first night wore on. The soldiers dashed by in motor cars, and the foreigners flocked out to the stations. The cafe doors swung in and out, and the little white fan glittered slowly up and down the street, shining wanly under the street lights. Now and then we would hear the tramp of many feet, and snatches of the "Marsellaise" sung by many voices. All Paris was awake.

Up by our windows we had almost forgotten our share of its troubles, but sometimes we remarked that we had no money, that probably the train would all be given up to soldiers for the next few days, that we were somewhat alone, and really very, very much afraid. I knew that it was the experience of a lifetime for which any one of the American men I knew would barter his very soul. But I was not on an American man, only an American girl, and I dared not stop staring at the Paris Street, for fear of sleep and feverish dreams from which waking could bring no relief.

Morning came at last, and we ate our rolls and coffee, for we were not sure of another hotel to give us meals along with a room and no money in advance. No offices were open, and we went to the American Consulate. The crowds there were forming into line to have papers of identification made out, so that a long stay in Paris, if necessary would be safe.

We joined the line. Perhaps it was lack of sleep which made us do it, for someway now it seems foolish that we, whose one object was to find a way out, were seeking the only safe means of staying in. When the papers were made out, they must be signed by the police and the address was given us.

A Smiling Hindu With Soft Tread.

But before we could find the police we must have our bags out of the hotel by noon, and find another hotel where, if possible, meals could be charged. We gave checks to the Russian, but he was too excited to know what he was doing, and his wife, a charming French woman, laughed bitterly in our faces. Finally, it was arranged that the East Indian, who was to stay and shut the house, should take us to another hotel and should come there for our money next day. All of which he did.

We were the only Americans at the hotel to which he took us, and it was here that my weak and feeble French grew strong and flourished, for the two women who kept the hotel could speak no English and my friend could speak no French. There we had three meals, until we dared run up the bill no longer, and after that we ate here and there or not at all. The worst of it was that I could not swallow one bite of that Sunday luncheon, though I knew that all the days to come must depend on the strength I could keep up.

One Joyous Touch Of Color.

In searching for the Police Headquarters that afternoon, we incidentally saw some of the city, the Madeleine, the Rue Royale, the Champs Elysees, the Arc de Triomphe, the Place de la Concorde, the outside of the Louvre and Notre Dame, and other things. The artificial beauty of it all seemed just a mockery that day, and the only sudden joy I had was in seeing the red goldfish in the great pool of the Tuileries Gardens, swimming together in one great patch of color, alive and true and natural.

When we found the Police Headquarters, after much weary walking, we were told that it was the wrong place, and that every one must go to the police chief of his own district. We walked the many weary miles, it must have been at least six, back again, and, because there was nothing more that could be done that day, and because we were afraid of the Paris streets at night, we went to bed.

I was at the steamship office at eight the next morning with an American crowd which, as Dulcinea would say, "is always so good-natured," waiting for the doors to open.

"What time do you open up?" called a fat American to the clerk within. The former was in a fever of excitement, mopping his bald head.

"Neuf heures," answered the clerk, coolly.

"What, never?" shouted the fat man, his eyes popping from his head.

That day was devoted to passports. When I found that no checks were being cashed that morning, I staked all my hopes of leaving Paris on the dollars which my friend had extracted from the American Express, and we set out for the American Embassy to get a passport out of Paris, which, after I got it, was never even seen.

We walked for hours in search of the Embassy, and en route, picked up another woman and a Spanish man, both bound for the same elusive destination. The American crowd was, as usual, forming lines. This time, it was for numbers which would entitle the holders to a place in another line, where passports were being doled out.

"But I cannot wait," said I; "I'm leaving France to-day to catch the Philadelphia."

"Then go right up,' said the man, and I went right up and signed something in French and bore it away. No money was being given out at the Embassy; only passports.

It being two o'clock, we decided to eat and not try to get to the big meeting of Americans at the Grand Hotel. We sank into chairs by small tables in front of a tiny cafe, we two, the other woman, and the Spanish man. The latter could talk French, and he learned from the shopkeeper that we could buy bread from a shop up the street and butter from a shop down the street, and he would give us beer. So we separated. The Spaniard came back waving a two-foot loaf of bread and a handful of coins.

Bread And Cheese For Four.

"I told them it was bread for a woman who had not touched food this twenty-four hours," said he exultantly, "and they changed my fifty-franc note. We must have cheese now to celebrate."

Thus it was we broke our fast. And then the luck changed. The walk back to the Rue Scribe was many weary miles, but when I got there the Mercantile Marine cashed one of my two checks for me.

Now all that was left to do was to get the passport signed by the police and to buy a railroad ticket to the port from which a boat was most likely to leave. And all the time we were closing our ears to the rumors and alarms and facts which swirled around us, that no trains ran; that no boats sailed; that starvation awaited us within the week. As one woman said to me, cornering me suddenly on the street:

"It is this way: we Americans will just have to get together and hire rooms and get any food we can. We won't be able to get beds, but we can use a blanket each, or our steamer rugs."

She passed on. I straightened my hat and did the same. Akin to her was the woman who pointed her finger at me threateningly when I cried. I was waiting in one of the crowds for one of the doors to open. And each story I heard of the war and the plight of Americans in Paris was worse than the last. So I leaned my American Panama

against the unopened door and shed a few American tears. Immediately I became the centre of the crowd.

"And what are you crying for, young woman? What are you crying for?" demanded a woman, waving her finger in my face. I could not tell her why, and I suppose she will never know.

Aeroplanes Over Paris.

That night we saw aeroplanes—German, they said—hovering over Paris, and we realized again that Paris was not simply a place for Americans to flee from,and that there were other things in the world than passports, railroad tickets, and American checks.

Paris at sunset, if one can take time to see it, leaves no room for thought of anything but Paris. That night, when all the faces of the crowd were turned up wonderingly, I forgot it was war-aeroplanes they saw, and I had a sudden vision of what Paris might be in peaceful twilights.

But it was not a peaceful twilight. The cars still rolled by full of cheering, waving soldiers. It seemed a glorious adventure for them, they were so young, so gay in their blue and red, and they were borne away so swiftly and with such glory out of the streets of Paris into the great "guerre," whichwas so lightly on their tongues. More often than not it was a laughing farewell they gave their wives. And the women, sobbing hopelessly, would watch the horses or the machines out of sight, stand uncertainly for a moment, and then, picking up the tiny child who did not at all understand, join some shouting mob of women and little boys and old men who were filling the streets from curb to curb and singing over and over again the "Marseillaise."

It was the faces of those in the mob which told the story of Paris in wartime; not the faces under the red caps. thoughtlessly I asked the maid in my hotel whether she had any relatives in the war. She looked at me for a minute, quite speechless. Then she touched her breast with a little quick French movement:

All Gone To The War.

"C'est fini," she whispered, and went out of the room, lest I should see her cry. I learned afterwards that her husband, her three brothers, and her hushand's brothers had all gone. And after that, under all the shouting of the mobs, under all the fragments of the national hymn which every one was singing, under all the laughter of the little children who did not understand, I heard that woman's whispered words, "C'est fini."

The next day was Tuesday, and my boat was to leave Southampton on Wednesday at noon. Things happened fast. No planning, no decisions, could include the happenings of that day, and it seemed blind luck, or else a something which is indescribable and asks only faith, which sent me to the station with my bags that morning and found me at two the next morning on the last boat to cross the Channel—at any rate for a few days. Up to this time we had believed that there were no boats crossing the Channel.

Tuesday morning began by our standing in line at the District Police Court, to get our passports signed. Word came along the line that without identification from the hotel in which we were living no police signatures would be given. And it was just here that the indescribable something which we will call Blind Luck made its first appearance.

If we had not just then gone back to our hotel for an identification card, we would have missed a telephone call from another American woman saying that she knew that the Channel boats were running, and that we must pack our bags and go directly to the Saint Lazare station, where we could try to get a ticket. We packed our bags and went. As I could carry only two bags, I left one behind, packing its contents into the corners of the other two.

Where Blind Luck Followed.

The first thing that happened was that a party of five with six tickets to Dieppe offered me the extra one for the next morning, if I wanted to risk the possibility of the boats not running from Dieppe to Newhaven. The party, like all the strange combinations of those days, consisted of a man and his wife and a little child, and two college boys who had annexed themselves. I agreed to go with them, and, being thus provided for, guarded the luggage while my friend, and the other American woman who had had telephoned us, went out to join the line in the street.

This line was run on the same basis as the line at the Embassy. After getting a number in one line, one came back in a day or two for a railroad ticket. But Blind Luck caused a woman to decide not to use her two tickets to Havre and to ask my friend and the other woman if they wanted them.

The rumor was strong that no boats left Havre. My friend did not dare risk it, and so did not take the ticket. I dared, for I was trying to catch the Philadelphia. So I gave her my Dieppe ticket and took the one to Havre myself.

After saying good-by to my friend, I was left alone. Grim determination took me, and I began to work. La France was to sail from Havre the next morning, and I went to the French Steamship Line to try to change my Philadelphia ticket for a La France ticket. It was then 1:30 P. M.,and the train to Havre left at 3.30.

The French Line clerk looked at me in amazement. "There are no places left on La France," he said, "but there are on the Chicago, which sails Saturday. Go at once to the American Line. If they say your ticket is good for exchange, it is."

The American Line office would not open until two, but once more a man came and talked to me through the gratings. "Don't change your Philadelphia ticket," he told me. "Keep it. Two boats will leave Havre to-night for Southampton. Get on this next train,and you will make the Philadelphia."

To Havre By Troop Train.

It took the train ten hours to get from Paris to Havre. We arrived at 1:30, and it was not the sort of trip to forget. The train barely moved, and it stopped every few minutes, while the soldiers who lined the track on both sides peered in the windows. There was no guard of any sort to call the stations; we just crept on silently, stealthily through the late afternoon and the night, stopping with a jerk every few minutes, taking on soldiers every few stations, who trudged up and down the corridors and stared in at us. The train was almost dark. Each compartment had a tiny gas jet turned up about half way. It was a spectre train creeping on from horrors we knew to horrors we did not know.

Opposite sat the person you would least expect to see in that spectre train. She was a beautiful buxom, cheerful, sane, middle-aged woman from a farm in Michigan. She and her husband were to sail on La France. She kept the whole compartment, full of people, cheerful with her sensible comments and her unruffled calm.

"The first thing I do when I get back to Michigan is to make me a batch of nice, hot biscuits," she said. "And we'll have some real nice currant jelly and fried chicken. Father, how would you like some real hot biscuits?"

I dreaded to lose her when we came to Havre, but there I found another lone woman, and we went together in the rain and darkness to the boat, which would leave at six in the morning. By special concession, they let us on at 2 A. M., and we had a few hours' sleep.

There were only about ten of us, all told, crossing the Channel. All was well until we came into Southampton harbor. It was under martial law, and we must pick our way. The torpedo boats surrounded us with a great circle. Suddenly a cannon ball was shot neatly over our bows.

"Where did you get that signal?" came in measured tones through the megaphone, when our engine had been stopped. "Take it down, or you'll be sunk." It was taken down. Inspectors came on board to be sure we were not Germans. At last we went on, picking our way through the mines. But we were just too late.

"Was it the Philadelphia you ladies were trying to get?" asked the second officer of the boat, politely, stepping down off the bridge. "Well, there she goes."

The second officer had the dramatic instinct.

We looked and saw her go. She had just slipped out of her dock, and was passing us by, so near that we could almost have thrown our luggage to her decks. She sailed

out so calm and steady that it seemed impossible that she was crowded to her decks with frenzied Americans.

We begged the captain to signal her, to stop her, to do something.

"I dare not, miss," he said simply. "With the port in martial law, we cannot signal any one."

No More Southampton Boats.

"It was 2 P. M. when we landed in Southampton.

"No more boats will leave from this port," the clerk at the steamship office told us. "Go to Liverpool, for that is your only chance. And be quick. Take the next train, and be at the White Star Line early to-morrow morning, to change Philadelphia tickets for the Celtic. She sails to-morrow at five o'clock. The American Consul at London was in the office an elderly man.

"Get home, girls. Get home," he said to us kindly.

They cashed my last $20 check for me there, and we bought tickets to Liverpool with the money and caught the next train. I cannot remember much about that trip, except my surprise when I looked out of the window of the cab which was taking us from Waterloo station, where we changed to Euston station. I had thought we were in a city called Waterloo until I saw the houses of Parliament and the 'buses bobbing by on the wrong side of the street, and realized that it was London.

The stations were full of soldiers and the turbulence was short of that in Paris only because it was in English and not in French. Great crowds of men and women, wild with drink and excitement, were dancing the lancers together on the station platform. It was a weird sight to see them bowing low and doing the "ladies' chain."

We came to Liverpool at two the next morning. The station hotel seemed the safest place to stay, but it was full, and the porter put us into a cab to be taken to a safe place. The streets of Liverpool were very dark, very narrow. We were very much frightened, but neither of us would let the other know it, so we talked of commonplaces and seemingly ignored the drunken sailors who reeled by us in the road. One of them was being led by his mother.

Up Flights Of Dark Stairs.

We stopped in front of a shambling, old, black house. A drunken fellow who had been following us, opened the cab door and began to take our bags to the sidewalk. An old man's head peered out of the door. I told him we wanted a respectable place to stay, and asked if we would be safe there. He said we would, so I paid the drunken fellow and the cabby, and we followed the old man up flight after flight of dark stairs, he going ahead with a half-burned candle. He took us to a large, front room at the house.

'Bolt your doors, ladies," he called back to us from the darkness. He had left the candle with us. There were four bumpy beds in the room. I slept for three hours and was awakened by my companion's voice. She was leaning out of the window and asking a policeman the time.

"Six o'clock, lady," came the answer. She had not slept at all.

Downstairs we found the old man and his wife, who gave us poisonous black coffee and dry bread. But they were kind old people and stood looking after us, "two lone women like," as the old lady said, as we clattered off in our cab at 6:30.

We were at the White Star Line before seven, camping outside the door on our suitcases. Being half aslep I was not sure where nor why I was and I found myself wondering with the factory workers who passed us whether I had or had not been sitting there all night. At eight, the office opened and we began our struggle to get our Philadelphia tickets changed for steerage places on the Celtic, for steerage was all that was left. The tender which took the steerage passengers to the boat was to leave at quarter to twelve. At 11:30 we had accomplished nothing.

Because our tickets were for another boat and another line we were left until the last. I did not dare to think of not getting that boat. We were almost worn out with lack of food and sleep, and the strain of the last days. We had barely money to keep us another night, not nearly enough to take us back to London. I looked at the clock and found it was 11:30. And the woman who was with me looked at the clock too and then at me.

"I'm going to the manager of the line," she announced.

When she came back our yellow tickets were written over with red ink. We picked up our bags and walked through the Liverpool mud and rain, and with the rest of the Celtic steerage herded aboard the tender.

Dishevelled, Sleepless Americans.

I pulled myself and my luggage on board and put myself on the luggage and closed my eyes and waited to be taken home. I felt that my troubles were over; but I had not reckoned with the sterage.

REV. WILLIAM H. COOKE.

William H. Cooke was born in New York City Nov. 10, 1852 and died at Pittsburg California Aug. 26, 1914.

His mother died in his infancy and he was adopted by his mother's sister who brought him to this state when he was 20 month's old. His boyhood was full of hardship and the difficulties known only to pioneer days.

His conversion dates from April 14, 1875 and the next night he became a 'fisher of men." Coming down to the corner of 14th and Broadway, Oakland, the next evening, he saw some men standing nearby, mounting a dry gods box William Cooke preached his first sermon out of the fullness of his heart, because he loved men.

He preached on the streets of the city with singular power and success for two years when he was persuaded to enter Pacific Seminary; this was during the active life of Drs. Benton and Mooar and so close was their relationship to him one could only think of it as that of father and son. His ordination as a minister of the Congregational Church took place April 30, 1880.

His first regular work began in the spring of 1876 when the nucleus of the Fourth Congregational Church, met as a Sunday School in a home near Adeline street. Later a church was built at 34th and Adeline streets, but years afterwards what is now known as the Fourth Congregational Church built a new structure at Grove and 36th streets. He gave this church 16 years of useful and Christlike ministry.

April 30, 1882 he was united in married to Ada Locke by the Rev. Dr. Mooar. Their life together in the home, and in service has been one full of loving devotion and joy. Many weary ones have found their roof tree a veritable oasis in the desert. Five children were given them: Welden, Winnie (who died in infancy) Alma, Robert and Hester. At the time of his death he was serving the church at Pittsburg, as pastor. Though his health had been poor for the past two years, yet for several days he was unusually well. He had prepared his sermons for the following Sunday and selected the hymns. Everything was ready.

Friends were with him Tuesday night and he went to sleep to wake up "beyond the smiling and the weeping."

A funeral service was held at Pittsburg conducted by Rev. D. Goodsell, a life long friend. His body was brought to Oakland, Thursday. His son Weldon who was in Chicago returned Sunday morning and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock, a large number of his brethren in the ministry and those who loved him, gathered about his casket to add their tribute of affection to the memorial service. The hymns he had selected for his own service—There's a wideness in God's Mercy—Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping and Beautiful Robes were sung by the choir. The pastor, Rev. A. J. Kennedy, read scripture selections and offered prayer.

Chaplain Rowell, who knew him when a boy, told of his conversion and his faithful preaching of God's power to save. Dr. Frear's loving words as he spoke of William Cooke as preacher of righteousness, as a pioneer prohibi-

tionist and worker for social purity, made a tender appeal as he ended by telling how his friend and brother loved to pray. Dr. Pond made the surenes of immortality clear and beautiful as he expressed his confidence in the abundant life into which his fellow-worker had entered.

Rev. F. H. Adams, his boyhood friend, made every heart long to be more noble and true as he spoke of his friend as "one of the great army of pioneer preachers who are to take California for Christ." He finished by speaking of brother Cooke's persistence, directness, initiative, and steadfastness in preaching the gospel of Christ.

Rev. Mr. Merrill, who was in Pacific Seminary with brother Cooke, said Dr. Mooar's statement to them that "Goodness is greatness, in the long run" had been verified in William H. Cooke's life and that he knew of no other man in whose life Jesus Christ had such full sway. Tender messages of love and sympathy were read from Dr. Charles S. Nash of Pacific Seminary, and Rev. F. H. Maar, who was also in the seminary with brother Cooke, spoke of the visits of brother Cooke saying "When he left the room I felt as if I had truly been on the Mount of Transfiguration."

The day he called us into the cabin of his daughter, Alma, as she was about to sail for Kealakekua H. I. as a missionary, and how he committed her to Christ and the voyage as confidently as he had tucked her into bed when she was a baby, made us all see the value of the life of a true follower of Christ.

He is singing the song of the redeemed and we rejoice in the thought of his triumphant and abundant reward; but we who knew him have lost a friend, and the world has lost a faithful servant of Christ, who loved men better than he loved his own life. Our loving sympathy goes out to his wife, and the sons and daughters who are left and while they sorrow they are also resting in confidence and trust, knowing that they shall meet again "beyond the smiling and the weeping." This poem was found in brother Cooke's bible—

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead.
He is just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us thinking how very fair
It needs must be since he lingers there.
And you, O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad, return,
Think of him facing on as dear
In the love of there as the love of here.
Think of him still as the same, I say,
He is not dead, he is just away!

—A. J. K.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE REV. WILLIAM H. COOKE.

C. R. Hager.

It was with heartfelt sadness that I received a telegram a few hours ago of the decease of Rev. W. H. Cooke, who for 34 years has been engaged in the work of preaching the Gospel. I still remember the lonely feeling with which I came to the Pacific Theological Seminary in 1880. Mr. Cooke had graduated a few months before but still lived in the old Seminary building on the hill in Oakland. In him I found a spiritual friend and one who believed the verities of Christian truth. He was not like one who was at sea in regard to the great doctrines of the Bible and he could say "I know" where others merely speculated. He was not visionary but felt that the truth possessed him and he the truth, hence to a newcomer this was a great help in solving all theological difficulties. How we did enjoy our little prayer meetings together, for it was as natural for him to pray as to eat, and I have known him to be full of mirth at one moment and to be on his knees the next moment in most earnest prayer. He longed to go to Africa as a missionary, but the American Board thought it unwise to appoint him because of a certain bodily weakness. His beloved Brother Bagster with whom he studied, prayed and lived, undoubtedly had a great influence over him, and when he received the news of his death in far away Africa in 1881, he came into my room and both of us dropped on our knees, when he prayed that Bagster's mantle fall on him, when I knew full well that the Lord was calling me. The first sermon that I ever preached was in his pulpit in Rev. Dr. Mooar's big rubber boots, for I had to wade to the church on Watts Tract. I still remember what a large Sunday school he had every Sunday afternoon where many of the Plymouth avenue young people taught. In this way I was much in his company even though he was no longer in the Seminary. Drs. Benton and Mooar were his ideal Fathers in Israel and when their translation came, he mourned as one who had lost his dearest friends People who differed with him always respected his zeal and earnestness, yet I question whether any pastor was more beloved by his people than was Mr. Cooke. Others may have been more praised, and more admired but none more really loved. He knew how to get close to God and one could almost feel the grip he had on the Almighty arm. I hardly think that his ministerial brethren appreciated him and some were inclined to believe him too narrow, but he stood for the positive in religion and not for the doubtful, and conversion was more than a mere name, and in late years he often bewailed the fact that the ministers talked about everything else except conversions in their churches. And this is not strange, for when he was converted and the power of the Highest came upon him, he preached on the street the following night. He knew what it was to be born from above, and he preached the New Birth continually, even when some men regarded it as an obsolete and impracticable, but he knew that a greater power was needed than ethics or modern sociology in his own life, and so he dedicated his heart and soul to the service of Jesus Christ in preaching a present salvation from sin. When his first son was born he gave him the name of Weldon in honor of his beloved friend Bagster, and it has been a great trial to him that he did not dedicate his life to the service of African missions, but his two daughters will in all probability be able to accomplish what he himself longed to do. There was always something positive about Mr. Cooke and one always knew where he stood, and when I heard, in far-off China, that he was pastor of the Pittsburg Church, I felt glad that my own former people had such a worthy successor. I still remember how that church was organized in 1882, the result of a Sunday School that had been organized for two years in the small brick school house. Mr. Cooke always felt his humiliation though I think he read more widely on themes he loved than many eminent men. He had his seasons of depression, but out of them all His Lord brought him triumphantly. This world seems lonelier since his departure but heaven seems richer. The old watchmen upon the walls of Zion will soon all be gone. God grant that the newer men may do as well the work committed to them as those who have gone before. One can only heartily rejoice over such a life that with Zinzen-

dorf had but one passion and that was Jesus Christ. May God increase the number of such preachers, husbands and fathers!

Claremont, Cal.

Among the Churches.

Los Angeles, Pilgrim.—The new pastor, Rev. A. H. Weitkamp, is expected to begin his ministry here early in September.

Los Angeles, Bethany.—The pastorate of this church has been resigned by Rev. C. W. Greenlee, who intends entering business. Mr. Greenlee has served the church for the past four years.

Los Angeles, Mt. Hollywood.—The valuable but infortunately located property of this church has been sold for $9000, and the understanding is that the congregation will proceed at once to the erection of a new house of worship.

San Francisco, Mission.—Sunday, August 30, was a day of rejoicing for Mission Church. It was found, at the close of the summer vacation, that the church had a deficit of nearly $600, including current expenses and obligations to the Church Building Society. At a men's dinner, August 27, one-half of the deficit was pledged. And Sunday morning, August 30, the remainder was subscribed. The church owes much to Mr. Wikoff who so tenderly and beautifully made the appeals. And the practical interest manifested by certain brethren the other side of the Bay was a tremendous inspiration.

Caliptria and Niland.—One of the crying weaknesses of Southern California Congregationalism has been that with the exception of Calexico we have established no churches in the larger centers of population in the Imperial Valley. Two new towns have been started lately, however, into which we entered at once. One of these towns is Niland, which is simply the old Imperial Junction under a new name. Considerable development work is being done here, and the prospects are that it will eventually become an important place. The other town is Calipatria, lying between Niland and Brawley. Rev. E. Ellsworth Smith, the Conference Missionary, has organized churches at both places. The Niland church starts with about twelve members, and the Calipatria church with about fifty, half of whom are corresponding members, retaining formal membership elsewhere. The two points are close enough to be worked for the present by one man, but if the places develop as the valley towns have they should soon demand separate pastors.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Aked is expected home early this week and will be in the pulpit next Sunday.

The regular annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held Wednesday, September 2, in San Francisco at the First Presbyterian Church, Van Ness avenue and Sacramento street. Morning session begins at ten o'clock. Luncheon will be served for twenty-five cents. Afternon session at half-past one.

The Century Magazine announces for October seven complete stories. An article by John D. Williams affords almost the first real glimpse into the heart and mind of the most elusive and delightful of present-day writers—Sir. James Mathew Barrie.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the address will be by the Rev. George Hinman. He will speak concerning several of the summer meetings attended by him and vacation observations and experiences.

Mrs. Rosa A. Buel, the wife of the Rev. Frederick Buel, who was the first secretary of the California Bible Society, was 90 years old last Sunday. She resides in her home in East Oakland where she has lived for more than forty years. She is a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland. Mr. Buel, who wil be remembered by many of the long-time readers of The Pacific, passed into the other life many years ago.

Mr. C. A. Stone, a graduate of Pacific Theological Seminary in the class of 1914 was ordained by council at Martinez last Thursday. The sermon was by Dr. Brooks; the ordination prayer by President Nash; the charge to the people by George H. DeKay; the charge to the pastor by Ella Brown; the right hand of fellowship by Professor Tolson. Mr. Stone is pastor at Martinez, to which place he was called before graduation to enter on the work as soon as the seminary work closed.

In the passing into the other life on Monday of this week of Mr. Samuel F. Bufford California Congregationalism loses one who has for many years been a most valuable worker. Mr. Bufford's membership was in Plymouth Church, San Francisco, up to the time of its consolidation with the First Church. Since then in the First Church. His devotion to Plymouth Church in its noble struggle to maintain itself in its changing environment and his helpfulness throughout the fellowship of the churches will be remembered for a long time.

The Century Magazine for September contains a valuable article on "The Hebrews of Eastern Europe in America." It is by Professor Edward Alsworth Ross, who says in conclusion: "It is too soon yet to foretell whether or not this vast and growing body of Hebrews from eastern Europe is to melt and disappear in the American population just as numbers of Portuguese, Dutch, English and French Hebrews in our early days became blended with the rest of the people. In any case the immigrant Hebrews are being assimilated outwardly."

The Bay Association will meet in Pilgrim Church, Oakland, Tuesday of next week. Afternoon session at 2 o'clock. Evening at 8. Dr. Van Horn will speak in the evening on "For Love of the Game." The main features of the afternoon program are: "Asilomar and the Missionary Education Movement," by George Hinman. "The Mission Study Class," by J. K. Browne. "The Teaching of Missions in the Sunday School," by L. D. Rathbone. The Literature —"The New Home Missions," A. W. Palmer. "The Social Aspects of Christian Missions," by E. C. Oakley. "The Asilomar Plan in the Individual Church," by Ernest F. Hall.

A STUDY OF THE LIFE OF ASA GRAY.

J. P. Trowbridge.

There is truth in the assertion that the men of one generation, in a country like ours, begin their work, standing on the shoulders of their predecessors. This statement is confirmed by a study of the life of Professor Asa Gray, whose birth occurred, amid humble surroundings, one hundred years ago. This eminent scientist, often called "The Father of American Botany," owed his remarkable success in no small degree to the early training which he received from John Torrey. Dr. Torrey was a practicing physician, born in the city of New York in 1796. He became tired of his profession, and turned his attention to the field of natural science, then sparingly cultivated in the United States. His first published volume,—a small octavo,—appeared in 1819, and bore the title, "Plants Growing Spontaneously within Thirty Miles of New York City." It gained for its young author considerable fame, and led, in the course of time, to an intimate acquaintance with Asa Gray who was also then a physician out of sympathy with his work. But Dr. Torrey, the botanist, chemist, geologist, and United States assayer,—the friend and teacher of Gray, caught his enthusiasm from an earlier source. This source, too, was embodied in the life of a great and original American, a man of an earlier generation and now little known to history, but once a very active participant in public affairs. He, also, was schooled as a physician. His name was Amos Eaton. He was born in Chatham, New York, in 1776, and graduated at Williams College in 1799. Leaving the medical profession, on the threshold of what might have proved a successful career, he gave himself up to the study of botany and other kindred sciences. He was a remarkable speaker, and his lectures on botanical themes, given in several of the leading cities of New England between the years of 1810 and 1815, were fired with the enthusiasm and adorned by the deep and accurate scholarship of their author. In 1871 Mr. Eaton was engaged to lecture at Williams college, and years after he held similar positions in different educational institutions, especially in the city of New York. By request of Gov. Clinton these lectures were repeated before the legislature of New York at Albany, and a little later Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer engaged him to make a geological and botanical survey of the region through which the Erie Canal was being constructed. This survey was the initiation of such work in our country, reports of which were published by state or national authority.

This brief review shows how true it is, generally speaking, that other men labor and we enter into their labors, taking up their uncompleted tasks where they have left them and carrying them on to greater perfection. Professor Gray, who for many years was at the head of his department in this country, and an honored teacher in Harvard University, came to his high estate as a great scientist partly because Amos Eaton and John Torrey had blazed the way before him and made the path much easier than it otherwise could have been. Only a few months before his death in January 1888 the universities of Cambridge, Oxford, and Edinburgh had severally honored him with the highest degrees which they have to bestow upon men of science. He was crowned with diplomas from all the principal academies of Europe, including those in London, Munich, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Upsala. His herbarium at Harvard contained over 200,000 specimens gathered from all the zones of the earth. These, as well as his library of 2,200 volumes relating to botanical subjects, he presented to the University in 1864, upon the completion of a fireproof building erected for their accommodation. Thousands of people still living in all parts of America remember with pleasure the happy days at school when they came in contact with his text-books in the class room, or followed out their directions and analyses as they roamed the summer fields, rich with the blooming flowers that from thenceforth became familiar and dear to them.

Professor Gray was one of the earliest advocates among American scholars of the doctrine of evolution as set forth in the works of Charles Darwin; and his several pamphlets on that subject, at the time when it was first broached in the public press, had great influence in its favor. He was a devout Christian as well as an ardent lover of Nature. His acknowledgment of the Divine Presence everywhere,—"God working, not from all time, but through all time,"—might be well expressed in the verses of Thomas Moore:

"When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath Thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine."

West Groton, Mass.

The Home.

LITTLE PAPOOSE.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, little papoose,
The stars come into the sky,
The whip-poor-will's crying, the daylight is dying,
The river runs murmuring by.

The pine trees are slumbering, little papoose,
The squirrel has gone to his nest,
The robins are sleeping, the mother bird's keeping
The little ones warm with her breast.

Then hush-a-by, rock-a-by, little papoose,
You sail on the river of dreams;
Dear Manitou loves you and watches above you
Till time when the morning light gleams.

—Charles Myall.

WHEN PROGRESS MEETS CUSTOM.

Progress was swinging briskly along the highway, when he came upon Custom sitting in the middle of the road.

"Will you please step out of the way and let me pass?" requested Progress, tipping his hat and bowing.

"What a queer request!" observed Custom by way of reply. "Why should any one want to move when one can remain stationary?"

"Possibly it is a matter of temperament," responded Progress. "If I had a little more time I should be glad to discuss the matter with you, but I am anxious to be on my way. Will you please let me pass?"

"Surely I can find no fault with your manner of speaking," admitted Custom, without the slightest move to comply with the request, "but I hope you understand that I have myself to consider, and cannot give way without looking into the matter carefully. Which way are you going? Possibly I will go with you."

"I am going forward," declared Progress.

"Oh, dear, no. I might consent to go around and around with you, but I can't possibly think of going forward."

"Will you let me pass, then, please?" repeated Progress,

his tone somewhat more mandatory than before.

"Really, I shouldn't think you would press the point when you see how I feel about it," maintained Custom.

"I don't understand you at all," said Progress. "You may remain if you wish, but I must go on. Let me pass!" Progress started forward.

"Now let's not have any trouble about this," threatened Custom, assuming a defiant attitude.

"The only way to have trouble is for you to continue to block the way. Let me pass!"

"Don't get excited!"

Progress advanced, pushed Custom aside, and passed on.

"My, what a violent and disorderly person that Progress is," muttered Custom as he picked himself up and brushed himself off. "If there were an officer of the law anywhere I should certainly have him arrested."—Ellis O. Jones in Life."

WHEN UNSELFISHNESS IS SIN.

By Caroline Benedict Burrell.

The sin of selfishness might almost be said to be the root of all evil. Diatribes might be written against this enemy of public and private life. But it is a recognized evil. Ministers, teachers and parents warn us against it, and poor human nature strives to cultivate generosity and charity.

There is a sin rarer and far more subtle which sometimes works undreamed-of havoc in our homes—the sin of unselfishness. Most of us ordinary mortals are never guilty of it; it is the saints of the earth who are addicted to its practice. Their whole lives are made up of selfdenial. It is almost their fetich. Whatever comes to them in its name is accepted, if not always welcomed. Nevertheless, such unselfishness is sometimes wrong and unjust.

Not many years ago a writer of some distinction worked himself to death in order to educate his two sons. He toiled at his desk, not only during the college year, but throughout the summer vacation, while the athletic youths were taking an expensive and unnecessary rest at the seashore. Friends remonstrated: "Let the boys earn part of their tuition by tutoring during the year; let them at least do something in summer!" The boys themselves were not unwilling to accept these suggestions, but the father refused to listen. They must be unhindered in their studies in term time; they must have recreation in their vacation. The result was what might have been expected. The father's health broke down, and the sons were suddenly thrust into business life, handicapped by their ignorance of its methods. Worse than this, they had been trained to think only of themselves, and as time went on they developed into hard and self-seeking men "To love and be wise is impossible," says a Spanish proverb. The unwisdom of parential self sacrifice must answer for many such ruined lives.

But it is oftenest women who are guilty of the sin of unselfishness, since their temptations are especially alluring. We all know the good sister who from her brother's boyhoodto his wedding day hangs up his clothing, collects his scattered neckties, arranges his bureau drawers and gathers the burnt matches from the carpet where he has thrown them, and so encourages him to be slovenly and dependent. How many tired wives, burdened with their household cares, sigh over the cruel unselfishness of their husband's sisters!

The mother who wears shabby gowns and home-made bonnets that her daughter may dress "like the other girls" does wrong. Her child has a right to her own share of self-denial in this direction, and in the less material sacrifices as well. The daughter should share the advantages of leisure, of music and travel. How much eisier for the mother to relinquish all claim to these, rather than to take a portion of them! But unselfishness is sinful when it makes a daughter selfi-absorbed, vain or thoughtless. It is quite possible to pay too high a price for culture, or even education.

In many a home there is a querulous hypochondriac made an invalid and kept an invalid by the tender, pitying sympathy of a daughter or wife. How easy to be unselfish in the presence of the suffering of our dearest, how simple to minister to every wish, to gratify every whim! How difficult to be sensibly and wisely hard-hearted; to be cheerfully unbelieving in imaginary symptoms and deaf to painless sighs! Not all invalids—far from it—can be brought back to health by such treatment; but there are some who might be saved from many years of wearing illness were their loving attendants less unselfish. Doctors know this fact, but seldom indeed do they dare to state it.

In Leckey's volume of essays, called the Map of Life, he insists upon "the danger of permitting the unselfish side of human nature to run wild without serious control by the reason and the will." Looking back over her life of utter unselfishness, Mrs. Oliphant writes sadly enough of the renunciation of ambition she made when the care of her brother's family was laid upon her and of her resolution to bear all the burden alone: "Alas, the work has been done; the education is over. It seemed rather a fine thing to make that resolution, but now I think that if I had taken the other way, which seemed the less nobler, it might have been better." Later on, when her sons were dead and she speaks of the unfulfilled promise of their lives, she says, "I had so accustomed them to the easy going on of all things, never letting them see my anxieties or know that their minds were formed to that habit, that it took all the thought of necessity out of my Cyrils' mind. It was a kind of forlorn pleasure to me that they never wanted anything, but this turns into a remorse."

As surely as there are laws of character, so surely may we destroy the best in others by bearing for them their rightful cares and trials. It is oftener more generous to divide a burden than to assume its entire weight. The truth is, it is easy, sometimes fatally easy, to smooth the path for those we love; but there is unselfishness which is a sin.—Lucy Elliot Keeler.

For The Children.

THE PEBBLES' LESSON.

How smooth the sea-beach pebbles are!
  But do you know,
The ocean worked a hundred years
  To make them so.

And once I saw a little girl
  Sit down and cry
Because she could not cure a fault
  With one small "try"!

DICK'S TALLY STICK.

"You are a regular cry-baby!" said Dick, scornfully. He was fond of Margaretta. She was his sister, and helped him make his kites, and sewed the sails of his ship for

him, being a willing-hearted small girl. But there was no denying that Margaretta cried at the least excuse, and Dick despised crying. "What if you did cut your finger a little teenty bit! Why, I nearly had my thumb taken off with Jim Barnes's knife last week; but I wouldn't have disgraced myself cryin' for that! You haven't any pluck at all, Margaretta."

"I— can't— help— it!" whimpered Margaretta. "It hurts." And she sobbed, and dug her handkerchief into her eyes.

"Well, I tell you what I am goin' to do," said Dick, magisterially, as he felt became an elder brother. He paused impressively.

"Wha-at?" sobbed Margaretta, uncovering one eye to look at him, but not forgetting her woes.

"I'm goin' to keep a tally stick, like the trappers and the Indians used to do," announced Dick,—"just a short stick of wood, and cut a notch on it every time you cry. If that doesn't make you ashamed of being a cry-baby, I don't know!" With this parting remark, Dick vanished in the direction of the wood-shed.

After luncheon he held the new tally stick up solemnly before Margaretta's eyes, and brought angry tears into them at once. "You're real mean," she wailed. I'll never help you with your kites again. So there!"

Dick took out his knife and cut notch number one, without a word. Then he put stick and knife in his pocket, and went off to play with the boys, while Margaretta retired to her dolls, with asense of being ill-used. It was a pity, for Margaretta was a very nice child when she smiled and took life happily.

That week was anything but happy, though, according to the tally stick. Fourteen times before Saturday noon had Margaretta dissolved in tears according to its accusing notches. The very sense that it was lying in wait, so to speak, in her brother's pocket, predisposed her to weep. She cried over her lessons, over the tangles in her hair, over the sick kitten, over her lost overshoe, over the rainy afternoon when she couldn't go to the party, over anything and everything. Dick, who was really very fond of his sister, was at his wits' end over the failure of his little scheme, when a new thought occured to him; namely, that girls were not boys, and that would have cured any boy of his acquaintance was entirely unsuited to girlish needs. Whereupon Dick evolved another idea.

The net day the kitten died. Of course, this was an occasion for tears; and Margaretta cried. Dick did not scold her this time. Indeed, he helped her to conduct a funeral; and it was only after Admiral Dewey (as the kitten had been named, in spite of a feline aversion tothe water) had been duly buried in the back garden, and the children were back in the sitting-room, that the tally stick once more appeared. This time Dick's tone was entirely altered.

"I say, Margaretta," he began, holding the obnoxious record well behind his back, "you don't want to grow up and look as sour and ugly as old Miss Sims, do you?" Miss Sims was the most ill-tempered and grumbling of old women. So Dick felt that this would make an impression. "I don't want my sister to grow up like Miss Sims."

"I'm not going to," said Margaretta through her handkerchief.

"You just look like her when you cry, all the same," said Dick.

Margaretta's handkerchief came down, and she looked across at the glass on the wall. The tear-stained and melancholy reflection was not reassuring. Dick followed up his advantage.

"I tell you what let's do," he suggested. "Every time you want to cry, and don't, I'll cross a mark off the tally stick. If they all get crossed off without your crying once—unless there's good reason—and I say you can" (Dick thought it best to leave this loophole for Margarettas emotions), "I'll give you something nice, Margaretta, honor bright, I will."

Margaretta was captured. Between the bugbear of resembling Miss Sims on the one hand and the unknown reward on the other, cheerfulness became at a premium. The first day saw a few convulsive sobs over a stubbed toe, but not a tear. The next crossed off the notches bravely, though she missed a lesson, and broke her second-best doll. By the forth, Dick went to gaze at the shop window where his selected prize for Margaretta reposed. It cost Dick several marbles and a baseball bat to get that prize; but, as had been said before, Dick was really very fond of his sister and a generous boy besides.

Monday morning dawned bright and clear. Fourteen times in the last ten days had Margaretta firmly resisted the ready tears of woe even when she had been kept in at school, fallen off her bicycle, or had to take medicine. Cheerfulness was beginning to shine permanently in her face; but it was changed to rapturous curiosity when she found beside her plate, at breakfast, a little parcel, addressed to her in Dick's handwriting. Inside was the tally stick, with every notch crossed off, and (oh bliss!) a tiny, glittering gold ring.

"It's real," said Dick, proudly. "You can wear it all your life, Margaretta." Though Margaretta has entirely outgrown her cry-baby tears since then, and is a very cheerful little girl, indeed,—for that was two years ago.—she still wears the ring; and a single look at it is enough, as she confided to Dick the other day, to stiffen her courage against even the dentist.—Barbara Griffiths, in Morning Star.

GRUMBLE DAY.

"No salt in the oatmeal," growled Ned.

"Flatter than sawdust," sighed Gertrude.

"Of course," said mother, quietly. "What else did you expect on Grumble Day?"

"Grumble Day!" exclaimed both children at the same time.

"Yes, Grumble Day. I have decided to observe it as often as there is a demand for it."

"What do you mean?" asked Gertrude.

"We have Thanksgiving Day," replied mother. "Then we count our blessings. On that day we have an unusual number of temporal blessings. We rest, and feast,and have a good time. Grumble Day is just the opposite. If we feel like grumbling when we get out of bed, we start a Grumble Day. On such a day we shall have only the most necessary things to eat, the plainest food, and the hardest work."

Gertrude and Ned looked at each other in dismay. "Will just one grumble mean that we shall observe Grumble Day?" asked Ned.

"One grumble is enough," said mother, "when we have so much to be thankful for."

"Does everybody have to go without because one grumbles?" asked Gertrude.

"Do you think it would be polite for part of us to eat more and have a greater variety than the others, even if we deserved more?" asked mother.

"This is exellent toast," said Ned, without waiting for Gertrude to reply.

"Yes, too good for Grumble Day," said father, as he slyly slipped another piece on Ned's plate.

At dinner they had only one or two substantial dishes, with no dessert, and for supper brown bread and milk; and the children made no complaint. They knew that mother could be relied on to carry out what she undertook. That night Ned and Gertrude made a vow not to make one word ofcomplaint ever again.

Next morning Ned, being in a hurry, took a large spoonful of hot cereal in his mouth.

"Phew", he exclaimed, "that oatmeal is"—here Gertrude kicked him under the table—"is lovely and hot!" he added, and the family laughed.

They both remembered after that, and for three or four days no complaint was heard in the family. They were both sure that they were completely cured of grumbling.

"Bread rolls!" whined Gertrude. "I'm sick of them; why don't we ever have waffles?" Then she slapped her hand over her mouth. Ned was looking inexpressibly disgusted.

"But the bread rolls are lovely and light," she added cheerfully.

"Too late," said mother, and they have another Grumble Day.

That night mother talked it over with them. "I want to give you just what you like best," she said, provided it is food for you. I try very hard to plan to have you suggest things what you like. But when everything is served and it is impossible to change it for anything different, complaint does no good, and it certainly does the complainer harm."

Three or four Grumble Days completely cured Ned and Gertrude, and now Gertrude says that they have Thanksgiving Day every day in the year.—The Christian Guardian.

GOD'S GARDEN.

The Lord God planted a garden
In the first white days of the world;
And he set there an angel warden
In a garment of Light unfurled.

So near to the Peace of Heaven
The hawk might rest with the wren,
For there in the cool of the even
God walked with the first of men.

—Dorothy Frances Gurney.

SLIDES FOR SALE.

For sale, cheap, sixty colored slides—great paintings of the life of Christ. Address, 389 Vernon St., Oakland.

"WHAT WE BELIEVE."

The Scottish Rite Auditorium addresses on "Our Changed Conception of God," "The Changed View of the Bible," and "Christ from the Modern Point of View," have been printed in pamphlet form.

They may be had as follows: One copy, five cents; six for 25 cents; fifteen for 50 cents; thirty-five for $1.00.

Many a man is so constituted that nothing short of an earthquake would shake his confidence in himself.

It takes a mighty good mixer to combine business and pleasure.

OAKLAND CLASSES
Plymouth Center
Mon. & Tues. Evenings

BERKELEY CLASS
First Congregational Church
Thursday, 8 p. m.

THE EMMANUEL HEALTH MOVEMENT
HENRY T. PLANT

Office
735 14th St., Oakland

Appointments by phone
LAKESIDE 2519

POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA
A Christian College of High Standards and Fine Equipment, in an Ideal Location.
For Catalogue and illustrated pamphlet
Address,
THE SECRETARY

Pacific Theological Seminary
Located at
BERKELEY
Seat of the University of California. Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low.
Next year opens August 18, 1914.
Address PRESIDENT, C. S. Nash, D.D.

Free Kindergarten Normal School
of the
Golden Gate Kindergarten Assn.
Accredited by the
State Board of Education
Miss Virginia Fitch, President
Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal
Address: 560 Union St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Telephone Douglas 4142

Mrs. Kate S. Hart Mrs. M. S. Burland
CAMBRIDGE APARTMENTS
929 Pine St., San Francisco
Between Mason and Taylor
Two, three and four rooms furnished.
Country Trade Solicited
Under direct management of
MRS. K. S. HART,
formerly of
"The Ramona," 130 Ellis Street, and
"The Catherine," 1539 Sacramento St.

We walked together down the road
As wondering lovers do,
She called me by a funny name
Nobody knew.
For women are but women. Yet
I ever found it so
When we walked down a country road
Ten years ago.

MILLS COLLEGE
A COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Suburbs of Oakland, California
A College of high standards and excellent equipment. Entrance requirements equivalent to those of the University of California and Stanford University. Recommended students received in either University class for class. Twenty-one departments. Fine opportunities in Home Economics, Library Study, Music and Art, Modern Gymnasium and outdoor life in ideal climate. A Christian College, undenominational. Semesters open in August and January.
For Catalogue and Information,
Address,
REGISTRAR, Mills College P. O., Calif.